

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

THE SALONIKA FIRST SPRING MEETING: THE MULE "DERBY" PROVIDES AN EXCITING FINISH.



Nearing the finish in the "Derby." The jockey on the third runner is only just keeping the saddle.



A little trouble in the paddock.



Officers on the "grand stand."



An officer shouting the odds.



The "crowd" on the course, which stood behind barbed wire. Unlike Ascot, a top hat and morning coat were not considered essential.

Epson is not to have a spring meeting this year, but an interesting fixture was held recently at Salonika, when the mule Derby led to a most exciting race. The sport was brisk throughout, and the jockeys displayed great skill, as even a Wootton or a Maheg

would probably have found the hard-mouthed, self-willed mules difficult to handle. The meeting was arranged by a certain Scottish battalion on the occasion of a half-holiday. —(Official photographs issued by the Press Bureau.)

SECOND ZEPPELIN BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN WRECKED IN LAST RAID

Lord Kitchener in Lords Outlines Scheme of Air Defence with More Guns and More Warnings.

CRITICISM OF FLYING CORPS UNFOUNDED.

"We are sure one airship was lost at sea in the last raid, and we have good reason to believe that a second was placed out of action."

Lord Kitchener made this interesting statement last night in the House of Lords when he appeared unexpectedly in the House and replied to critics of our air policy.

"I may say at once," added Lord Kitchener, "that it is beyond our power to guarantee these shores from further Zeppelin raids." He stated three principles which govern our air defence.

AIR MINISTER NEEDED.

Lord Oranmore and Browne called attention to the fact that Zeppelins raided this country and returned to Germany with impunity, and he asked whether it was intended to make such improvements in our methods of offence and defence as would give greater security against such raids.

There was, he said, a lack of aeroplanes and of pilots.

He advocated the appointment of an Air Minister.

The Earl of Meath asked for an assurance that the Government were taking the most energetic and effective steps to defend the British Isles against hostile air raids.

In reply Lord Kitchener said the House would realise that public debate in Parliament on our system of defence against air raids could not but be fraught with risk of giving information and assistance to the enemy.

This consideration hampered seriously any detailed reply to the questions raised, which the Government realised were the natural outcome of the general anxiety caused by the dastardly outrages on helpless women and children that had taken place.

Up to the present hostile air raids on England had had no influence whatever on the military conduct of the war, and he did not believe that the people of this country desired to give too great importance to these attacks.

In war it was not always possible to ensure safety everywhere. Some risks must be accepted in order to be strong at the most important point.

The criticisms of the air service at the front were unfounded and unmerited. No service in the field had been more efficient than that of our Flying Corps.

THREE WAYS OF DEFENCE.

Lord Kitchener, continuing, said there were three principles which governed our air defence in this country—

Good information as to the arrival and movements of hostile aircraft.

Defence by artillery from the land, and attacks in the air by aeroplanes moving more rapidly than can any other form of travel.

As regarded the first, a system had been adopted which Lord Kitchener said he was confident would give them sufficient warning of the impending arrival and probable movements of airships.

MORE GUNS AT ONCE.

Owing to our largely increased ordnance requirements there had been grave difficulty in obtaining an adequate supply of anti-aircraft guns, but the construction of anti-aircraft guns had now priority over other ordnance, and as fast as these guns were produced they would be distributed throughout the country.

Guns could not hit Zeppelins with any certainty and thus arrest the discharge of the destructive bombs which they carried. That could only be done by the annihilation of the machine itself.

Attack by aeroplanes at night was attended by great difficulties. Secrecy was an important factor in our calculations for success.

Lord Kitchener said the War Office would leave no stone unturned in its efforts to improve to the utmost extent our home defence against Zeppelin raids.

Within the last few days the War Office had taken over the responsibility for home defence. This would be in the hands of Lord French, who would have the help of Sir Percy Scott as his expert adviser.

In answer to Viscount Peel, Lord Kitchener said he was informed that no order had ever been sent to a pilot of the Royal Flying Corps to make an ascent at night to attack a Zeppelin. Notice was given to each station when it was

time to ascend if a Zeppelin was to be intercepted.

The decision whether to fly or not was left to the senior officer on the spot, and if he decided that in 1915 were made by Mr. Tennant, in the House of Commons yesterday, in reply to Major Sir C. Hunter.

WHY WE REFUSED THE FOKKER.

Interesting revelations as to M. Fokker's offer of a new type of aeroplane to the British Government in 1915 were made by Mr. Tennant, in the House of Commons yesterday, in reply to Major Sir C. Hunter.

Mr. Tennant said that M. Fokker offered to the War Office in 1915 a type of aeroplane invented by him, but as the machine was inefficient and dangerous, the offer was not accepted.

M. Fokker afterwards produced another machine, which was a modification of the French Morane Saulnier monoplane. This machine was not offered to the British Government.

A few of these machines were used by the German Government, and one was recently exhibited on the Horse Guards Parade.

M. Fokker later produced another modification of the same machine, with greater horsepower. It was not offered to the British Government.

The Germans were using this latest type of machine.

WOMAN SPY'S FATE.

Death Sentence Commuted to One of Penal Servitude for Life.

In reply to Mr. Snowden, Mr. Herbert Samuel, the Home Secretary, in the House of Commons yesterday, said a woman spy was tried at the Criminal Court before three Judges and a jury, and found guilty and sentenced to death.

An appeal to the Court of Criminal Appeal, consisting of five Judges, was dismissed.

After consultation with the Judges the sentence has been commuted to one of penal servitude for life.

Her activities were discovered within six days of her arrival in this country, and from that time to her arrest her communications were effectively intercepted until her identity was established and she was arrested.

Mr. Snowden: Was she a British subject or an alien?

Mr. Samuel: Not a British subject.

ACCUSED MAN BREAKS DOWN.

The trial was continued at the Old Bailey yesterday of *Not Altiati*, a Russian singer, who is indicted for conspiring with John Dallas, a Home Office clerk, that money should be corruptly given to and accepted by Dallas as an inducement to act in violation of his duty.

Altiati gave evidence on his own behalf to the effect that he believed Dallas had authority to issue permits for Ottoman Jews to leave the country. Dallas told him there would be expenses, which these aliens must pay.

Mr. Muir (cross-examining) read a list of people who paid for their permits, and said that the total came to £1,280. *Altiati*, however, would only agree to £80.

During subsequent cross-examination *Altiati* partially broke down. In faltering accents he told the Judge that he was so depressed that he could not remember things properly.

The trial was again adjourned.

BURGOMASTER MAX RELEASED.

PARIS, Feb. 17.—The *Havre* correspondent of the *Journal des Debats* states that the Burgomaster of Brussels, M. Max, has been liberated and sent to Switzerland.—*Reuter*.

Note.—It was recently announced by the *Hamburger Nachrichten* that M. Max was shortly to be released, having been given permission to reside in Switzerland.—*Reuter*.

M. Max has now spent well over twelve months in a German prison.

Then Brussels fell into the German hands he early aroused the enmity of the invaders by his dauntless bearing and courage, and he was subjected to many annoyances.

HUNTING FOR THE MOEWIE.

In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Randall asked the first Lord of the Admiralty whether he could give any information with regard to the German armed ship *Moewie*, and could he give the relatives of the twenty-eight officers whom put on board her as prisoners of war any hope of shortly seeing them.

Dr. Macnamara: The Admiralty are taking all precautions in their power to deal with German raiders.

THOSE JOY RIDERS.

Extravagance of Using Motor-cars and Cycles for Pleasure.

SAVINGS COMMITTEE'S APPEAL.

PRESS BUREAU, Feb. 17.—The National Organising Committee for War Savings appeals to all classes to save every possible shilling in order to bring about an early victory.

It will from time to time call attention to forms of spending which should most clearly be checked, as being wasteful and absorbing labour that could be put to better use.

To-day it protests earnestly against the use of motor-cars and motor-cycles for pleasure.

If this form of selfish or thoughtless extravagance were stopped millions of money would be saved and much work could be transferred to more useful channels.

Example the work of:—

Ships and boats employed in carrying oil and rubber for motor-cars and cycles.

Men at docks and railwaymen, carmen, etc., employed in handling these cargoes and in work connected with the importation of motor-cars and cycles.

Chauffeurs now engaged in driving and looking after motor-cars.

Men now engaged at garages and shops all over the country repairing motor-cars and cycles.

We refer, of course, only to motor-cars and cycles used for purposes of pleasure. We appeal to all owners to consider earnestly whether the use of their motor-cars can be justified by any question of public utility or by real necessity.

We cannot, with any effect, ask the poorer classes to save as long as they see well-to-do people enjoying an expensive luxury.

MAN WHO WOULDN'T SIGN

Mr. Styles, of Birmingham, Defies Moewie Officer's Demand on Appam.

About 130 passengers of the Appam arrived at Falmouth yesterday on board the Dutch liner Noordam.

From their stories, says the Central News, it is possible to supplement the accounts of what occurred when the Appam was captured by the German raider *Moewie*.

The male civilian passengers and crew of the Appam, it is stated, were asked to sign a declaration that they would not in future take up arms against Germany and the Kaiser.

One man alone, it is stated, Mr. Rutherford Styles, of Birmingham, refused to do so, and was taken prisoner to the *Moewie*.

Here he was pressed anew to sign the document, but positively declined, and was eventually released and sent back to the Appam.

Some of the women Mr. Rutherford Styles, condemned the action of the men who signed the document, regarding it as an English, but the men excused themselves on the ground that the leading passengers had signed, and they had no option but to follow suit.

The raider's crew told the passengers that the *Moewie* came out of the Kiel Canal disguised as a Norwegian fruit trader. She had not less than nine guns, and gave the Appam no chance to use her wireless.

When they boarded the Appam the Germans treated the passengers with every courtesy. They seized all weapons, even golf sticks being taken.

GERMANS "STUFFED" DREADNOUGHT

ROME, Feb. 17.—The *Revisita Marittima* publishes the story of the new German dreadnaught, which is claimed to be totally unsinkable, and whose entry into the battle line of the German fleet is fixed for March 1.

It is not in any way a submarine, but rather a Dreadnaught cruiser, fitted with triple kind of armour, stuffed with non-resisting material, thus rendering it invulnerable, both to torpedoes and shells.—*Wireless Press*.

NAILING OF GERMAN SEA LIE.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

PRESS BUREAU, Feb. 17.—The Secretary of the Admiralty makes the following announcement:—

"As incorrect statements are still appearing in the German Press and are being called abroad by correspondents in Germany to neutral countries, to the effect that two warships or two mine-sweeping vessels were sunk off the Dogger Bank on the night of the 10th inst., attention is again directed to the official statement issued by the Admiralty.—That of the four mine-sweeping vessels which were engaged in mine-sweeping one, the *Arabis*, was apparently sunk by the enemy, and the other three returned into harbour undamaged."

LUSITANIA HERO IN SLANDER SUIT.

Ex-Barmaid's Story of Allegations Against Husband.

"A WIFE IN EVERY PORT."

"If what you say is true, my life is absolutely wrecked."

This, according to her evidence in a slander suit yesterday before Mr. Justice Lush, was the retort made by a wife when told that she was not legally married to her husband.

The case was one in which slander damages were claimed from Mr. Herbert Church, licensee of the Noah's Ark, Deptford, by Mr. John F. Sullivan, an ex-seaman. The latter asserted that Mr. Church said to Mrs. Sullivan: "I don't believe you are his lawful wife. He is a fellow who has a wife in every port."

The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff with £25 damages, and judgment was entered accordingly with costs.

The plaintiff, said his counsel, Mr. Claghton Scott, had had an adventurous career.

When the *Titanic* went down he was on board the *Carpathia*, and for her service in rescuing work he was presented with a medal by the City of New York.

He got another medal from the Government of Newfoundland when, as a member of the

WE OCCUPIED THE CRATER.

To-morrow's issue of "The Daily Mirror" will contain a magnificent war photograph.

It illustrates the phrase so often to be found in our communiqués: "We exploded a mine under a trench, and our troops have occupied the crater." Order your copy to-day.

crew of the *Lusitania*, he went in a boat on a tempestuous sea to the rescue of the crew of the *Mayflower*.

After the war broke out he was for a time on a dispatch boat, and he then joined the Army Service Corps.

He was for some months at the front, and was then invalided home. When he came out of hospital he was stationed at Deptford, and thus became a frequenter of the Noah's Ark.

Here he fell in love with Miss Steele, the barmaid, and married her.

FIRST WIFE'S CONFESSION.

At first, said counsel, Mr. Church took a great interest in Mr. Sullivan. But when Miss Steele left to marry Mr. Church's manner changed.

One day, went on the story, Mr. Church met Mrs. Sullivan in the street. He said to her, "You are just the one I want to see. Come and have a talk." He then made the statement complained of.

The defence, added Mr. Scott, was a denial that the words were spoken.

Mr. Sullivan, dressed in khaki and wearing spectacles, then gave evidence.

Mr. Willis, cross-examining, asked whether Mr. Sullivan was married in 1910 at St. Philip's Church, Liverpool, to a woman named Annie Jones.

Plaintiff replied that he was.

Later, plaintiff told Mr. Willis that when he was married to Miss Steele he described himself as a bachelor.

Mr. Willis: Was that true?—Yes.

Plaintiff added that at the time he was married at Liverpool he was a quartermaster on the *Lusitania*. He made four voyages in the ship after his marriage, and when he returned after the fourth voyage he found his wife gone and the home empty.

His wife left a note saying she had gone for good. Three years later he got a letter from her from Canada, telling him she was already a married woman when she married him. The police advised him that he might consider himself free.

Have you got that letter?—No, I tore it up.

MAN WHO DINED WITH KAISER.

Public curiosity as to the identity of the Man Who Dined with the Kaiser at Nish will be partly satisfied on Tuesday, the 22nd inst., when he will lecture in the Queen's Hall on his experiences.

Strict anonymity will be preserved. How he succeeded in getting into forbidden places and the "close shaves" he had in getting out of them will be thrillingly described. Many interesting documents and some splendid pictures will be exhibited.

ARETHUSA'S CHIEF SEES THE KING.

Commodore Tyrwhitt, of the lost *Arethusa*, called at Buckingham Palace yesterday afternoon, and was received by the King, with whom he was engaged for a considerable time.

There were several other interesting visitors to the Palace yesterday, including General Sir Arthur Paget and Colonel Gordon, V.C., who was some time ago a prisoner in Germany.

Read "Listening for Zepps on the Way," by Frederick A. Talbot, on page 5.



Lord Oranmore.



Mr. Rutherford Styles.



M. Max.

100,000 MEN AND 1,000 GUNS FALL INTO RUSSIAN HANDS AT ERZERUM

German Mark Sent Down
by Russian Success.

"REAL DISASTER."

Crown Prince to Take Command
in Alsace and Argonne.

AIR RAID ON KUT.

WHAT ERZERUM MEANS.

The news of the capture by the Russians of Erzerum—the Metz of Eastern Turkey—has had immediate practical results.

In every neutral country the German mark has fallen. The delay on the part of the enemy in announcing the fall of the city is very significant.

From Petrograd it is reported that the garrison numbered 100,000 men, and these, with over 1,000 guns, have fallen into the hands of the Russians.

To us the victory is of great importance. The Turks will not be able in safety to send reinforcements from Bagdad, and there is every likelihood of a period of comparative tranquillity in Persia.

WAR ON THE ZEPPELINS.

Lord Kitchener, in an interesting survey of the war in the air, told the House of Lords last night that two Zeppelins are believed to have been destroyed on the last raid. Lord French, with Sir Percy Scott as expert adviser, is now in charge of our air defences. Many new anti-aircraft guns are now being manufactured. The speech is reported on page 2.

FALL OF TURKISH METZ SHAKES ALL BALKANS.

How Russian Capture of Fortress Will
Affect Campaign.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 17.—The "Official Messenger" estimates the numbers of the garrison of Erzerum at 100,000, with 467 guns, while the advanced forts had 374 guns and the central forts 280.—Reuter.

"The Metz of Eastern Turkey" is the description of Erzerum given by a British diplomat whose official connection with Turkey and the Near East included a long residence in the city which has just been captured by the Russians. "Before speaking of the marvellous feat that the Russian troops have performed I should like to point out the immense political value of the fall of Erzerum," said the diplomat to Reuter's representative.

"The fall of the Metz of Eastern Turkey will have the greatest possible effect throughout the whole of the Ottoman Empire, far greater than will the news of our occupation of Bagdad. "Bagdad is regarded by the Turk as outlying and Arab, while Erzerum is vital to the interests of Turkey.

HINT TO RUMANIA.

"The news of its capture will cause consternation all over the Near East, and will have its effect from Teheran to the Balkans, not excluding Rumania.

"In Bulgaria it will occasion much apprehension, and it will relieve the whole situation in Northern Persia.

"In Constantinople it will come as a thunder-clap not only for practical, but also for sentimental, reasons, as Erzerum is the most important centre of the Turkish line of entry into Asia Minor.

"The marvellous exploit of the Russians—for it is nothing short of this—will throw open all Kurdistan to the Russians and enable them to capture the Bitlis Gorge, which is the only line of communication as between the highlands of Armenia and the plains of Mesopotamia. It will thus prove a serious menace to the Turkish northern line of communication with Bagdad."

"A REAL DISASTER."

PARIS, Feb. 17.—M. Ludovic Naudeau, telegraphing from Petrograd to the Journal, says: As the result of the fall of Erzerum all Asiatic Turkey will in future be exposed to Russian attacks.

Erzerum was the real Asiatic Adrianople, the only real fortress in Southern Turkey.

It commands all the roads to Armenia, Mesopotamia and Persia, and was the sole base of the Turkish forces operating on the Caucasian front.

It is a real disaster for the Turkish Army.—Exchange.

ENEMY AEROPLANES BUSY AT SALONIKA.

Will the Germans and Bulgars Attack
the Allies' Base?

SALONIKA, Feb. 17.—The enemy yesterday developed a certain amount of aeroplane activity over the French and British lines, without success, however, being driven off by our artillery. Colonel Mesallias, commander of the Greek base at Salonika, in company with a French Staff officer, is visiting the French lines to-morrow, while General Moschopoulos, with General Sarraill, is paying another visit shortly to the defences of Salonika.—Reuter.

PARIS, Feb. 17.—Pro-German circles at Salonika, according to the Journal's special correspondent there, are again talking of an impending offensive by the enemy against Salonika, but there is no serious military information, says the correspondent, which warrants the attaching of any great importance to these periodical rumours, for the moment, at least. It is currently reported, says the Petit Journal's Salonika correspondent, quoted by Reuter, that Germano-Bulgarians have massed

YOU CAN HELP YOUR COUNTRY
by preventing all waste in paper. If you will order your copy of "The Daily Mirror" in advance you will help the proprietors to avoid printing more copies than are required, and thus save the waste of paper.

between Monastir and Dorian, by way of Ghevgeli, thirteen divisions, four of which are Austro-German.

Our defensive front is absolutely impregnable. A Russian sergeant, who was brought to Macedonia as a German prisoner to work on the repairing of the railway at Ghevgeli, escaped, says a Reuter Salonika message.

He arrived in Salonika accompanied by six Bulgarian soldiers, who had aided him to escape. The sergeant reports that the bridges over the Vardar River have been restored, and trains are arriving at Ghevgeli bringing munitions and guns.

He estimates the German forces there at two battalions, and the Bulgarian at two divisions. According to the sergeant, 200 Russian prisoners are working at Monastir, 250 at Uskub and seventy-five at Ghevgeli.

He confirms the statement that the Bulgarians are entrenching at Ghevgeli.

MORE INCENDIARISM IN CANADA.

Shells Explode in Fire at Toronto
American Club.

TORONTO, Feb. 16.—Starting with an explosion in the top story of the building, a fire to-day completely destroyed the American Club.

One life was lost and two persons were injured. Incendiarism is suspected, and the police are conducting an investigation.—Reuter.

Toronto, Feb. 16 (later).—The caretaker and Mr. E. I. Huston, of Dallas, Texas, lost their lives in the fire at the American Club.

Captain Minard, an American, was badly injured. The 12th shells were found, and three explosions were heard by the firemen.

Great indignation and excitement prevails. In an interview with Press representatives, Mr. F. H. Littlefield, vice-president of the club, said:

"There is no doubt in our minds that the destruction of the American Club was a well-planned piece of vandalism.—Reuter.

No fewer than 14,000 Derby appeals have been lodged with the City of London Tribunal, due to the fact that the tribunal deals with appeals for branches of firms with head offices in the City.



General view of Erzerum, the important fortress in Asiatic Turkey which the Russians have captured.

CROWN PRINCE IN CHARGE OF ALSACE ARMIES.

Prince Albert of Wurtemberg's Troops
Fighting Against the British.

PARIS, Feb. 17.—M. Marcel Hutin, writing in the Echo de Paris regarding the fighting on the Ypres Canal, says that the British have already succeeded in regaining several sections of the 800 yards of trenches captured by the German contingents, under the command of Prince Albert of Wurtemberg.

This local attack, however, cannot be properly described as offensive, and the fact that, at a cost of heavy losses, they have snatched but a few shreds of trenches and taken less than 100 prisoners is virtually equivalent to failure.

M. Marcel Hutin, referring to the Crown Prince's activities and his reported announcement of another attempt to take Verdun, says that it is also rumoured that he has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the armies in the Argonne, Lorraine and Alsace.—Exchange.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Feb. 17.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—There was no important event to report in the course of the night.—Exchange.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

Feb. 17.—Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:—

Western theatre of war.—No events of special importance. At the clearing out of the new positions near Obersept a further eight French mine-throwers have been found.

Eastern theatre of war.—On the northern portion of the front there has been lively artillery activity.

Our airmen attacked Dvinsk and the railway establishments at Wilkica.

Balkan theatre of war.—The position is unchanged.—Wireless Press.

FOE SHIPPING MAGNATE IN GLOOMY MOOD.

Pessimism That Produced "a Bad
Effect" in Bremen.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 17.—The editor of the Bremen Tageblatt has interviewed a manager of one of the greatest shipping firms in Germany, probably the North German Lloyd, on the present German overseas policy.

"The reply of the shipping magnate in question was most pessimistic."

"Breaking off relations with America," he said, "would terribly affect our situation. All America's money and munitions would be at the disposal of the Allies."

"We would have to take over the feeding of Belgium, and America's attitude would probably induce other neutrals to attack us, with the result that all our ships would finally become interned in American ports."

"This would represent the taking away from us of enormous wealth. Our plight would be terrible when the war was over. Germany would have to replenish with raw material."

"Don't let us," continued the shipping manager, "entertain any illusions with regard to England. She will continue the commercial war long after military operations are over. She will take away all our trade with South America and Australia, and it will take years for our passenger service to reach anything like its pre-war position."

This interview has produced a bad effect in Bremen, and is considered to be an avowal of England's crushing victory over German shipping.—Exchange.

WHAT AMERICA WANTS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—Special advices from Washington are to the effect that it is practically certain that the United States will ask to be specifically informed that the assurances which Germany and Austria gave regarding the safety of neutrals and non-combatants at sea will not be altered.—Reuter.

ECONOMY IN SHIPS A "VITAL NEED."

Mr. Balfour Replies to Criticism
of the Admiralty.

18 OWNERS HELPING.

"The economic use of our merchant tonnage is absolutely vital to the prosecution of the war."

"It is a vastly bigger factor in the general war problem than even the question of air defence."

Thus spoke Mr. Peto in the House of Commons last night in moving an amendment regretting that the Government had not taken measures to utilise economically the available merchant tonnage of the country by placing it under the control of a central expert authority.

Mr. Peto said that during the past sixty years while the tonnage of the world had increased by 350 per cent. British tonnage had decreased by 15 per cent.

"LACK OF FORESIGHT."

"The Government had displayed a great lack of foresight in not foreseeing the condition of things that was bound to arise in the event of a great war."

The first thing that the central authority he desired to see set up should deal with was the extraordinary congestion at our ports.

Some provision must also be made for replacing the waste of war. He suggested as an urgent necessity the need for some of our ships being freed from direct war service for the construction of merchant ships.

"TRUSTING TO NOVICES."

Mr. Shirley Benson said the country was now suffering from a policy entrusted to novices what should have been in the hands of experienced expert shipowners.

He submitted that the military and naval authorities had not made the most businesslike use of the tonnage which had been requisitioned.

He urged the Government to requisition three expert owners to organise shipping, and that they should be instructed to requisition all British shipping and put it to the best possible use for the purposes of the country.

MR. BALFOUR'S REPLY.

Mr. Balfour said the duty of the Transport Department of the Admiralty was merely to carry out the orders of the departments of the Government requiring tonnage.

In their work of requisitioning had the continuous and ungrudging aid of shipowners.

No fewer than eighteen shipowners of the highest standing were at this moment giving their very best aid to the Government departments.

AN IMPOSSIBLE IDEAL.

Regarding the alleged waste of tonnage, that was not a thing for which the Transport Department of the Admiralty could be blamed.

If a ship was requisitioned for the Army, it was the Army that was responsible for its economic use.

Unless they were to give their generals and admirals a training in shipwrecking he did not see how the ideal could be reached.

It was folly to expect the smooth routine of developed ports of Britain or Liverpool to exist in the unequipped harbour, say, of Mudros.

TURKS REPORT A SUCCESS ON ADEN FRONT.

(TURKISH OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 17.—The following official communiqué is issued in Constantinople:—On the Irak (Mesopotamia) front one of our airmen flew over the enemy's artillery position near Kut-el-Amara and successfully dropped twelve bombs, which had great effect.

After his descent in the battle near Nasitich, west of Kurru, the enemy left behind a large number of killed on his line of retreat.

The enemy losses in this battle so far reported amount 2,000 men and 300 animals.

On the Caucasus front the enemy has lost 5,000 killed and sixty prisoners during the violent fighting for positions which has been going on for the past three days despite the cold weather and the snow.

Near Aden, in the forests between Sheikh Osman and El Aile, an enemy reconnoitring party was lured into an ambush and almost completely annihilated.

The survivors fled in the direction of Sheikh Osman, leaving their baggage behind.—Central News.

POSTER HOAX FOR BISSING

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 17.—Governor-General von Bissing has ordered an inquiry into a hoax that is amusing Brussels to-day.

Last week, it seems, a number of streets were given new names during the night by means of posters over the existing street signs.

The names were all openly insulting to the German Government. For instance, Packers'-street became Crown Prince-street; the Comedian's-street became Bethmann-Hollweg's-street; while the Pig Market was "the German Market."—Exchange.

NURSES' COMFORTABLE RETREAT.



This pleasant sitting-room is on board a French Red Cross train. The way it is arranged shows the feminine touch.—(French official photograph.)

MISS MIRIAM PEASE.



The daughter of the Postmaster-General leaving her home to begin her duties as factory inspector.

WOMEN IN THE NEWS.



Lady I. Wallace, daughter of the late Earl de la Warr, on war work.



Lady Lawrence, who advocates vigorous air reprisals.—(Lafayette.)

D.C.M.s WON AT YPRES.



Staff - Sergeant-Major L. G. Suter, who rescued a wounded man.



Private L. L. Spalding, who stuck to his post after being gassed.

NORWEGIAN MINISTER WEDS BARON'S WIDOW.



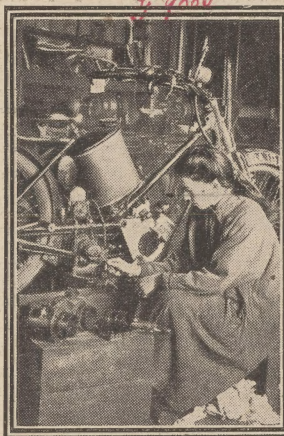
Baron Wedel Jarlsberg, the Norwegian Minister in Paris, and Baroness André, widow of Baron André and daughter of the late Mr. Henry Palmer, of New York, leaving St. George's, Hanover-square, where they were quietly married yesterday. Dr. Page, the American Ambassador in London, and Sir Ernest Cassel were the witnesses of the ceremony.

AN ENGAGEMENT.



Mr. Norman Teale and Miss J. Reeve, who are engaged. The bride-elect has been acting as head cook at a V.A.D. hospital in Devon.—(Swaine.)

GIRL MECHANIC.



Birmingham can boast of a girl who is an expert motor mechanic. She is seen repairing a motor-cycle.



Intimate Revelations of Life at the German Court

Extravagance of the Kaiser

Accounts of His Borrowings

Selling Court Appointments

Kaiser's Profits from State Banquets

Gluttony Contest Between Hindenburg and Kaiser

Germany's Coming World Empire



Read the fascinating disclosures of Miss Keen—the English girl who was told she "could not go home, because she knew too much." For seven years dresser to the Princess Leopold of Prussia, and companion to her daughter, the authoress has some vastly entertaining incidents to relate concerning the inner private life of the reigning house of Germany. Do not miss this unique exposé of the Hohenzollern intriguing.

The MARCH LONDON

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1916.

FEW "WOMEN SLACKERS"!

PEOPLE who like to make the most of our defects are in the habit of talking about the "women slackers" at home. They are supposed to be the counterpart of the male specimens of that tribe now growing very scarce.

To insist upon such women in this war is to draw disproportionate attention to a minority. The typical woman worker is everywhere, on the contrary, and it would be impossible to do better, or to work harder, than she demonstrably does at every kind of service.

Those who get doubtful or depressed about our women had better go round a munition factory; or, if they cannot do that, let them learn from the Y.W.C.A., or any other big organisation for voluntary service, what the women of England have achieved. Hundreds, thousands of them are toiling from early morning till late at night.

One said the other day: "It is simply work and sleep—I've known nothing else for eight long months. Fortunately, I'm a good sleeper."

Another said: "What is going on in the war? I suppose it's still on? Really I don't know. I've not opened a newspaper for weeks."

"But surely you read your paper in the morning?"

"In the morning? Why, I'm at work punctually at eight!"

"At night, then?"

"At night I've just time for supper and then I'm dead tired. I shall know all about the war when it's over."

Those whose gallant labour at the front or at home leaves them in happy ignorance of what's going on—those who must needs wait till the war ends in order to learn about the war—are the only contented people at present. They are doing their duty every moment of the day, and they know it. It is for others to worry about events. Their task lies before them and they get on with it, bit by bit. They are "cultivating our garden"—a stone and steel acreage of war flowers and fruits—till better times.

And these form at present the vast majority of our women. They have done wonders. But they are ready to do more.

We mean, that an ever-increasing number of such women will have to fall into the industrial ranks now that a larger and larger drain is being put upon our resources in men. There is no work but that demanding great physical strength that women cannot and will not do in this crisis. They can even perform what we shall perhaps be excused for calling the miracle of *not quarrelling* with one another—until peace, the great peace, shall "be upon us."

You can indulge theories about the desirability of women remaining in the industrial positions they have in most cases so ably filled. The time for protecting the sex against undue exploitation in this sense will be later. This is the moment for emergency measures, and more and more, as the months go on, will women come forward and qualify for the great tasks of keeping things going at home and setting men free for the front.

W. M.

SONG.

Then art not fair, for all thy red and white,
For all those rose ornaments in thee;
Thou art not sweet, tho' made of mere delight,
Nor fair, nor sweet—unless thou ply me.
I will not soothe thy fancies, thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beauty without love.

Yet love not me, nor seek not to allure;
My thoughts with beauty were it more divine;
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
Thy heart be wrapped up in those arms of thine:
Now show it, if thou be a woman right,
Embrace and kiss and love me in despite.

—CLAMPON.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Let us have faith that right means might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Lincoln.

LISTENING FOR "ZEPPS" ON THE WAY.

HOW OUR FRENCH ALLIES PROTECT PARIS.

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT
(Author of "Aeroplanes and Dirigibles of War").
BRRR-RR-RRRR!

"She's coming south!" grinned Jacques. BRR-RR-RRRR!
"Now she's wearing a bit east!" he went on. "Hello! Hello! Hear? What's she running? South? Good. Hello! Ébouard! Sounded her? Do you make it south? Bien!"
Jacques turned and gave a knowing, silent laugh. He bent to the telephone and rapidly rapped out, "Eighteen hundred metres." There was another cheery laugh. "Zepp's coming! But he'll get it hot in a minute!"

Even as he spoke there was a crash, as the "75," its ugly muzzle pointing towards the clouds, gave its ear-splitting bark. Two seconds passed, and the gun spit once more, followed by another and yet another vomit of flame, smoke

upon one another, upon a pedestal table, and in such a manner that the table-top can be revolved and the horns themselves moved up and down through a quarter of a circle, and one has a very comprehensive idea of the contrivance for catching sound of approaching aerial raiders.

The sound is caught by a very sensitive microphone and, despite the terrible and confused din which may be raging, the distinctive music of the motors and propellers is plainly audible in the telephone receivers clamped over the ears. By moving the horn sideways and up and down the faintest sound of a Zeppelin hovering in the vicinity may be detected.

SENSITIVE EARS.

When the noise is picked up the observer swings the horns from left to left and up and down, thereby discovering if the sounds grow stronger or weaker. Finding the sound to increase, he moves the ear towards it until at last he brings the horn to a position where the sound reaches its maximum volume. The ear has now located the course of the raider. The angle at which the horn is elevated gives the height at

THE CHILD AT THE PLAY.



Instead of attending to the piece, he is too often interested in something totally irrelevant, such as the programme sellers—much to the disappointment of the grown-ups who take him.—(By Mr. W. K. Hasselden.)

and shell which travelled with such speed that it could not be caught by the eye. The growl of the soixante-quinze formed the accompaniment to the staccato rat-a-tat-tat of the mitrailleuse near by, which, likewise pointing towards the heavens, appeared to be ejecting its steady stream of missiles into space.

Jacques once more listened intently. The rack and rattle of the guns, which had now swelled into a deafening roar as others joined in, did not appear to disturb him one jot. As he listened, ear pieces straddled over his head, another grin crept over his swarthy features. Then he pushed the earpieces back as he chuckled: "Thought that'd shake him up. He's making for home now for all his worth."

Jacques was in charge of one of the "écoutes des postes," or "listening posts," which the French have installed here, there and everywhere upon a prearranged scientific plan. The "listening post" is a somewhat strange and peculiar protective product of the war. Imagine four telephone horns set in pairs

which the enemy is moving. If one were able to look through the horn along an imaginary line corresponding to its longitudinal axis the sight would alight upon the visitor in the clouds. But one post is not sufficient. At various points other similar ears are established.

Each degree in the elevation of the ears corresponds to a certain altitude for the apex of the triangular cone. Thus fifty degrees may correspond to 1,500 metres, sixty degrees to 2,000 metres, and so on. Tables have been prepared giving the height of the enemy for different degrees of the elevation of the ears, so that his altitude may be ascertained in a moment and without any calculation. The observers are in telephonic touch with the anti-aircraft guns stationed within the area of the posts, and the range is communicated to the artillery, who merely have to lay their weapons as instructed and blaze away. The gunners themselves may be denied a glimpse of the target.

The ears are extremely sensitive. The ob-

YOUTH AND WAR.

WHY ARE THE PUBLIC SERVICES THE PREY OF THE AGED?

THE FAULT OF PENSIONS?

WHAT is the matter with our public services now that we are engaged in this terrible war. Everywhere we hear of old men, lack of appreciation of the facts as they are, middle, fearful waste of the country's money, and general absence of ordinary business training and ability.

A business man, generally speaking, is at his very best between forty and sixty.

At forty he has risen by his own exertions to some sort of position, and to keep this position and provide for his old age he has to look forward to fifteen or twenty years of the hardest work of his life.

Now take the man entitled to a pension. Many a young man tries hard as a youngster to "get on," but at forty he realises that "kissing goes by favour," and that seniority is the only road to promotion, with the result that he loses all his initiative, settles down to a very easy existence, never does anything to shorten his life by overwork or strain, knowing that his income is assured and a pension to come.

If pensions were non-existent and these Government servants had to compete one with another for the best jobs and save out of their earnings something for old age, we should not find ourselves surrounded by so many men who are to-day being found out as non-efficient.

Can we hope that after the war pensions will be abolished? M. W. Temple, E.C.

THE BUTCHER'S CLEAVER.

I THINK your correspondents, "T. H." and E. S. Carter, must be mistaken in their memories as to which constellation is known as the "Butcher's Cleaver." The Great Bear is known as the "Wain" in Nottinghamshire, while the Little Bear is less like a cleaver still. From an intimate knowledge of Nottingham and Lincolnshire I can say that the only constellation known in the north-east Midlands as the "Butcher's Cleaver" is that of the Pleiades, for the very obvious reason that to the naked eye it exactly resembles that implement.

THOS. M. BLAGG, F.S.A.
Caldecote, Newport Pagnell.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 17.—Perhaps the most popular garden anemones are the varieties of the species japonica. These make a fine show during the autumn and winter months when they are most valuable for cutting. But the dainty spring anemones are quite as beautiful and are a delightful have at this season.

The hepaticas are already beginning to bloom.

These old English flowers should be set on shady banks and rockeries, and must be seldom disturbed. There are varieties with blue, red and white blossoms; also double blue and red.

E. F. T.

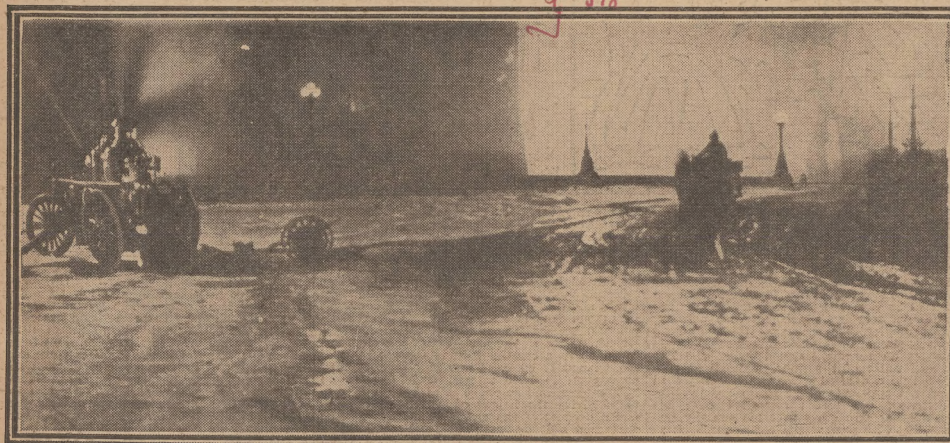
servers are carefully selected men, and although a deafening roar of guns may rage they can detect the distinctive sound which they desire with very little effort. The Germans seek to escape detection by these ears, and accordingly fly over the danger zone at an extremely low level where they are safe from gun-fire. But there is no escape. The ears will pick them up and if an attack upon Paris is premeditated the aerial defensive authorities of the capital will extend ample warning. Moreover, by means of these ears the raiders are followed relentlessly during their journey. Any deviation from the course is instantly noticed.

The result is that by the time the capital is reached the aeroplanes are almost ready to receive the invader and from the intelligence which has been extended are able to concentrate at the point of the enemy's arrival. The submarine bell is to the navigator during thick and foggy weather, these "écoutes des postes" are to the defensive authorities in detecting and tracking down the "assassins of the air."

THE FIRE AT THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.



Playing on the library. On the left is the library, which, fortunately, was saved from destruction.



A night scene, showing the glow from the fire. The flames rose to a great height.

Canada's pride, the beautiful Parliament buildings at Ottawa, were swept by a terrific fire early this month and six persons, including two women, lost their lives. The outbreak is generally held to be the work of enemy aliens, and a number of suspicious incidents pointing to this conclusion have come to light.

NOT RUNNING, FOR



It began its career with the peaceful occupation of carrying passengers, but it has since been armed with others of its kind and sent to war. No

PEOPLE IN THE WAR NEWS.



Lieutenant-Colonel Viscount Maitland, who is relinquishing his commission on vacating command of a battalion.



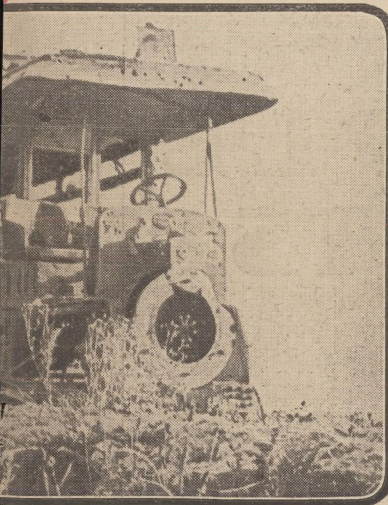
Gertrude Lady Decies, who is going to nurse the wounded in East Africa. She will sell her famous Pekingese. (Vandyk.)

SERVICE ON SHIP'S BRIDGE.



A French priest conducting a service on board a transport. His small congregation is assembled on the far side. (Wyndham.)

OBVIOUS REASONS.



passengers along the Paris streets. Then it was mobilized for its career is definitely closed.—(Wyndham.)

AN AGILE FRENCH NURSE.



She is making a tour of the train distributing coffee to the wounded men who are en route for Paris.—(French War Office photograph.)

TROPHY FROM THE TRENCHES.



Corporal J. B. Gordon, a London "Terrier," who has returned home on leave, bringing with him this roughly-made German flag. A Hun placed it between the trenches under cover of darkness, but the Corporal and a comrade secured it.

AS IN 1870: WAR CAME IN YOUTH AND OLD AGE



Nearly fifty years ago these two French peasant women stood on this very roadside and saw the French troops setting forth to battle. And again they have seen them going to meet the same foe, but this time sure of victory.

DESERVES AN ARMLET.



As already announced, the Government is asking for 400,000 women to work on the land. This girl has been "doing her bit" for some months and deserves the suggested armlet.

MISSING AIRMAN.



News is requested concerning Flight - Lieutenant Cyril Davis, R.N., after October 12 of last year. Write to 46, Temple, E.C.—(Birkett.)

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.



A mop fight on board a British warship. One mop is dipped in the flour and the other in soot! It is not difficult to imagine the combatants condition.

THE CONFETTI GRENADE "EXPLODING."



A brother officer empties a bag of confetti over Lieutenant-Colonel Hutchinson, D.S.O., and his bride (Miss Barbara Allan.)

KIDNEY SUFFERERS READ THIS!

Severe Case, Complicated with Stone, Cured by
Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. W. H. Blake, 21, Arthur Street, Roath, Cardiff, says:—"Dr. Cassell's Tablets have worked wonders in me. Some months ago I began to suffer with pain in my back, and other indications of kidney trouble. Twinges of this had troubled me before, but this time it soon showed that it was going to be serious. The pain over my kidneys became intense. Frequently I had to come home from business because I was really too weak and ill to go on. I could hardly drag about at all sometimes. All across my back the pain gripped me, and it never ceased. I was afraid to breathe for it. I lost appetite, and generally felt thoroughly ill and run-down.

"All sorts of things were tried, but no real good followed. Then I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and after only a few doses I passed a stone. I continued and now am in the pink of condition."



Mr. Blake, Cardiff.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

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FREE BOX.

Send your name and address and 2 penny stamps for postage, etc., to Dr. Cassell's Co. Ltd., Box B.X.16, Chester Road, Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmotic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for:—

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Malnutrition
Nerve Paralysis	Anæmia	Back Pains
Spinal Paralysis	Kidney Disease	Wasting Disease
Infantile Paralysis	Indigestion	Palpitation
Neurasthenia	Stomach Disorder	Premature Decay
Specialty valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.		

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and India. Prices—1s., 1s. 3d. and 3s., the 3s. size being the most economical.

Send him SYMINGTON'S SOUPS



No man is a happy man whose teeth are chattering with the cold. A plateful of Symington's Soup is better than a score of rugs—it feeds as well as warms!

And he can make it in his trench in no time—and he wants it! A fourpenny packet of Symington's Soup is sufficient to make a quart.

11 varieties—Sold everywhere.

W. SYMINGTON & CO., LTD., Market Harborough.

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"BOURNVILLE COCOA represents the highest grade of nutritive cocoa at present on the market; it fully maintains its high reputation in food value and delicacy of flavour, and is second to none in any respect whatsoever."—Medical Magazine. 7½d. per ¼-lb.

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LOVE ME FOR EVER

By META
SIMMINS



Olive Chayne.

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

OLIVE CHAYNE, a girl of unusual charm and looks, but with plenty of character.

RICHARD HEATHCOTE, a straightforward, rather rugged type of man, whose affections are sound.

RUPERT HEATHCOTE, his good-looking cousin, who lacks balance.

OLIVE CHAYNE is day-dreaming by the fire. Far down in her heart an imprisoned memory that she would give the world to forget stirs restlessly.

She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her. Her memories carried her back to a garden. The Heathcotes had been giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out to West Africa.

Olive had never quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, the man she loves. At times he has been very friendly with her—and then he has been almost a stranger.

Olive closes her eyes with a sense of sick shame as the web of memories spins out. Something had betrayed her secret to Rupert that night in the garden. She had realised that she had made her heart to this man who had only been philandering. And then he had walked away and left her.

Then she remembered that he had come across the lawn—a changed Dick. It was as though he knew. He had been splendid, and her sore heart had been soothed.

But through it all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the end had come when a few weeks later he had gone out to join Dick.

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa, and it is signed R. Heathcote. In a very frank, straightforward way it asks her to go out there and marry him.

Olive Chayne is changed. And so Rupert really loves her after all! Then the telephone rings. It is her father. He tells her that he will need all her help in a crisis in his life.

In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised that she would always look after her father. With a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote saying that she must refuse.

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get married again. With a shock Olive realises that she has made her sacrifice in vain. Without hesitation, she sends a cable to Heathcote saying that the letter was a mistake and that she is coming out at once.

Olive Chayne arrives at Omdura, a little town on the coast of West Africa. Rupert Heathcote meets her.

He comes forward casually, and begins to apologise for Dick's absence. He talks so much about Dick that the terrible truth is forced upon Olive that she has come out to marry the wrong man—she had misread the signature in the letter.

She manages to deceive both Rupert and Dick for the time being, but all her tortures are revived when Rupert receives the letter which she had originally sent to him. He refuses to give it to her.

Olive and Dick are married. On the journey up-country to their home Rupert tells her that it will be wise for her not to go against his wishes.

One evening Rupert cannot control himself. As he catches Olive in his arms Dick enters the room. Not a word is said, but Dick becomes very angry in his manner. There is an angry argument, and Olive blurts out the truth, and shows Richard Olive's letter.

Dick is dumbfounded, but controls himself. To the property has been sold to a new owner named Brydon, and that the old staff must go. Dick traveller who has lost her way. She turns out to be Brydon, though her name is Anita Beresford. Through ill-health, returns to England alone, and in Africa Mrs. Beresford tells Dick that she is really the wife of his old chief.

ENMITY!

RICHARD HEATHCOTE looked at the woman who had announced that she was the wife of Antonio Gomez for a moment of silence. He was absolutely nonplussed, yet something in the situation, looking the wife of his in-law, had sent the mists of his anger scattering.

Not so Mrs. Gomez. She glared at him furiously, and Dick, as he met the look of her blazing eyes, wondered at himself that he should not before have realised that this woman had foreign blood in her veins. No Englishwoman's eyes could have darted fire as her dark eyes did now.

"I am extremely sorry if I have said anything that has annoyed or wounded you," said. "I am sure you must know how very sincere my liking for Mr. Gomez is. His name has very often been mentioned between us since you came out, and never on my part with the least animosity or disrespect."

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"You speak disrespectfully of men of mixed blood, of my husband's race. Of my own, since it comes to that. I, too, was born in the South Americas. And to compare him to a man such as Duprez—to mention his name in the same breath! Oh, but it is intolerable!"

Dick saw that she was deliberately working herself up to the height of her passion. The fact set his own anger flaming again. But now he had his temper well under control. Only the little line between the level brow that Olive had learned to know, betrayed his irritation.

"Oh, Duprez is a man apart in any race," he said, coldly. "A thoroughly cosmopolitan scoundrel. And, when a man of his blood is so scoundrel—well, surely, Mrs. Gomez, you cannot be so prejudiced as not to admit that he tips the scale."

At the sound of the address he had given her the woman shivered a little, and looked apprehensively towards the door of the room.

"Hush!" she said, and her tone had changed. "No one must hear that name. No one must guess. Even you ought not to have known—can you imagine why my nerves have betrayed me like this?"

It was strange how the storm of passion that had risen so easily and unexpectedly had subsided so unexpectedly.

"Perhaps I guessed at something of what was passing in his mind, for he broke into a little laugh and came nearer to him, putting out her hands with a little gesture he had learned to guess as preluding a request.

"But where my poor Tony is concerned I feel sometimes quite mad."

She paused, looking at Dick, who felt acutely uncomfortable in the face of these unasked for confidences.

"When I heard that he had lost his money—that he had been forced to sell everything—every security—all this great estate that his father had built up for him—I determined to know, but my money is tied up so that he cannot touch it. And he is far too proud, my poor Tony, to accept or seek help from me. He has been planning to buy Nakota myself and making a second fortune for him. That would alter things. It would appeal to his sense of adventure."

She paused on a broken sentence. A noise of altercation came from the verandah and came to them as they stood. A loud, insolent voice came gradually nearer as they listened.

"The line of Dick's lips hardened.

"Duprez," he muttered. "I suppose he imagined that you are alone and has come to make a row."

Mrs. Gomez's eyes glittered.

"If I thought that it was that," she whispered back. "Dick, just slip into that room and wait. You will be able to hear everything that passes in here. And, if necessary, you will be at hand to intervene."

As the curtain fell behind him he heard seaward-gearing steps on the verandah and the voice of the late overseer addressing the woman he knew as Mrs. Beresford.

"Ah, madam, so you are within," he heard him say. "Those insolent boys of yours tried to lie to me, saying that you were away. I gave them a taste of the whip they stand so badly in need of—since you came to Keya."

It was a mellow, not unpleasant, voice, with only the faintest touch of a foreign drawl in its tones.

Dick bore the worst of bad will to Duprez. He had led Rupert into much bad company on his first coming to Nakota. It had been with very great difficulty that he had broken off the connection altogether.

He could not forget that but for that chance meeting in the forest with the woman who had called herself Mrs. Beresford, Duprez would have been reigning in his stead at Nakota.

"You had no right to whip my servants," Mrs. Duprez, Dick heard the woman say. "And still less right to force yourself into my presence."

He murmured something in reply which Dick could not catch. Mrs. Gomez when she spoke was equally inaudible.

The moments passed. Dick's thoughts had fled far from Keya, far from Africa—like a homing pigeon across the thousand miles that separated him from the woman he loved.

He slipped his hand into his pocket and touched the sheets of Olive's letter that lay warm against his heart. Such a stiff, constrained little letter, yet one enough, that had tended to raise him just a little out of the depths of gloom in which his soul had floundered ever since that moment when he had watched the ship that was carrying him away melt and disappear into shadow on the horizon.

She wrote with a touch of pique that showed him, for all his humility, that she was a little chagrined that he should prefer to stay in Africa. That she was just a little jealous, perhaps, without knowing it, of this woman Anita Beresford who had written to her.

And if she cared nothing at all for him, why should she be jealous? he asked himself.

An intense longing to see this woman he loved, to touch her hand, rose up in Dick Heathcote's mind. New thoughts, new courage seemed to stir in him. Even yet, perhaps, he might win her. After all, she was his wife. Even yet they might be happy. She was too straight, too honourable to allow a hopeless passion for another man to eat away his heart. Hadn't she herself asked that Rupert might be set at bay?

For the first time a little doubt that perhaps Rupert's story might not be wholly true stirred in Dick Heathcote's heart.

As he stood, wrapped away in his own thoughts, those thoughts that had crowded in on him so strangely in this moment, he heard a woman's cry.

"How dare you, you brute, how dare you!"

Anita Gomez, crying out in a passion of angry fear—Anita Gomez, who for a few burning seconds he had entirely forgotten.

With a bound he was across the room, his hand on the separating grassmat. He heard the sound of a scuffle as he dashed into the other room.

He saw the woman's white face, the ugly look in the dry eyes of the man who had caught her by the slender wrists and was forcing her back and back against the wall.

In that moment Dick saw red. It was not Anita Gomez only whom he was avenging as he seized the riding-crop that lay on the table, where the man had thrown it carelessly—it was the defenceless men and women, the workers on the estate over whom he had wielded so merciless a control.

With a savage strength he lashed the man across the face. Duprez dropped the wrists he clapsed and went staggering back against the wall.

It was all over in a second. Like actors who disengage themselves from some stage scene and range themselves before the curtain, these three participants in this moment's drama recovered themselves almost immediately.

You came just in the nick of time to teach this person a much-needed lesson, Mr. Heathcote," Mrs. Gomez said. Save that she chafed her reddened wrists she showed no traces of the strain through which she had passed. Duprez stood very stiff and straight, with a reddening weal on his forehead, where the lash of the whip had caught him.

"Very much in the nick of time, Mr. Heathcote," he said, with a detestable intonation in his voice. "A thousand pardons, madam, for intruding. Had I known how much you engaged I should have waited for a more convenient moment for my visit!"

He moved across to the door, but at the doorway the rising passion he had striven to keep in curb but could not.

He swore at Dick a medley of ugly oaths. "You English dog!" he cried furiously. "You shall pay for this day. Heavily you shall pay. I have long been adding up a score against you, and here and now the total is reached! And you also, madam! There is a mounting score against you. And, believe me, when Ferdinand Duprez strikes he will strike home!"

It was not so much the words that made a certain appeal to the listeners. It was the look in the dark eyes; the venom in the soft voice.

As the door closed loudly behind him Dick shivered at his shoulders.

"We must be on our guard," he said, and there was no mistaking the earnestness in his

voice. "That man is an enemy—a very ugly one."

REVENGE.

IN the big living room at Nakota Rupert and Richard Heathcote sat at supper. There had been a prolonged silence between them, and to Dick these meals, eaten in silence in the company of this man, whom, as he could not help feeling, was learning to hate him, were the most difficult things to bear of all the difficult things that their enforced companionship involved.

Rupert had a book propped up before him and was pretending to read. But Dick knew that he had not turned a page in the last fifteen minutes.

It was very still in the big room, with its massed shadows, only now and again some noise from the distant swamp came to them as they sat.

Dick glanced at Rupert's face. It seemed to him that his cousin had deteriorated in appearance since Olive went home. There was a haggard look about him, the eyes had grown shifty, and uncertain.

Then, as he looked, Rupert raised his head and stared at him with a gleaming antagonism in his dark eyes.

"What are you staring at me for, curse you?" he cried out with an hysterical note in his rising voice.

That hysterical note tended to show Dick how much this enforced companionship was serving to demoralise them both. If it went on much longer it might lead. . . . Heaven only knew to what it might lead. The determination that had come to him to go back to England took fresh strength. He would not—could not stay out here in this accursed country another month.

"Rupert," he began, but the sentence was not completed. The door of the sitting-room was burst open and one of the servants rushed into the room.

"Sir!" He was a native who had been educated at a mission station, and spoke English admirably. "There's some bad work on foot. The men on the estate are rising. I hear they go to Keya to attack the house of the lady there. Listen—look. They have fired some buildings already."

He paused, and, as though punctuating his sentence, the melancholy roll of the big war drum beating at a distance floated into the room.

Richard Heathcote rushed out on to the verandah. The boy had spoken the truth. Some building had been fired. Already the glare of it blazed redly against the inky sky.

Ferdinand Duprez had not been content with merely threatening. He was proceeding to turn his threats into deeds.

By some almost womanish instinct, Dick knew that

There will be another fine instalment tomorrow.

After Illness.

Builds up Health and Strength.



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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

The Obstinate Lawsons.

I was not a bit surprised to hear that Sir Wilfrid Lawson had resigned his seat for Cockermouth on account of his war views. Like his father—who was clever at verse as he was fanatical about teetotalism—Sir Wilfrid is obstinate in his opinions. Still, stubbornness is a Cumberland virtue.

Sir Percy Scott's Idea.

I hear that Sir Percy Scott has suggested that when we build Zeppelins (when?) we build them in a tunnel cut in one of our chalk cliffs and thus secure immunity from raids, and, further, that Sir Percy reckons the labour could be done by women—a thousand women as navvies—and why not?

Miss End's M.P.

I met Mr. Warwick Brookes yesterday fresh from the success of his maiden speech in Parliament. As a matter of fact, the victor of Mile End, despite all the kind things that his friends and the newspapers had said about him, was by no means self-satisfied with his speech.



Mr. Warwick Brookes.

spoke I had a full front bench of Ministers to listen to me, and everybody seemed very kind and appreciative."

Our Newest Visitors.

I understand that London is to have some very welcome visitors early next week. They consist of a representative party of members of the Russian Duma. The Russian M.P.s will have quite a busy time when they are here, and will discuss various important matters.

"Inner" Parliament.

One likely result of this visit will be the formation of a sort of inner parliamentary ring. There is already in existence an unofficial Franco-British group of M.P.s; an Italian group is being formed, and the Russians will be here. The idea is to keep the various Parliaments in constant touch with all that is happening.

"K. of K." in Affable Mood.

Two speeches by Lord Kitchener in the House of Lords in one week is, I think, a record. His speech last night was short, but, as usual, it excited a good deal of interest in the lobby. "K. of K.," who wore a black frock coat, dark grey trousers and patent leather boots, seemed in a particularly affable mood, and had quite a lot to say to Lord Lansdowne and Lord Selborne, between whom he sat on the Government Bench.

"Private and Confidential."

One little incident during the evening attracted my attention. Shortly before Lord Kitchener's speech Lord Curzon beckoned to Lord Derby, who was on the front Opposition bench. Both left the Chamber together for a few minutes' talk.

An Innovation.

I noticed that Lord Derby was wearing a dark suit and brown boots in the Lords last night. This is the first time I have known a peer to come down to the Painted Chamber in brown footwear, unless, of course, he was in khaki. I thought Lord Derby looked a little pale.

The Servant Problem.

Mrs. Fisher, wife of the High Commissioner for Australia, has quickly settled down to London life, and has found a house suitable for a large family at Haverstock Hill. She has found, however, that the servant problem is even more acute here than in Australia.

Ireland's Charity Queen.

Irish society will deeply mourn the passing of Lady Iveagh, whose many benefactions made her a charity queen of Ireland. Like her husband, she was particularly interested in the cure of consumption.

On the West End Front.

War has wrought many changes in our phraseology, and some women now call bargain sales counter-attacks.

The Lady in Black

I wonder who the charming girl is in deep black who is to be seen feeding the birds in Hyde Park every day. She does not appear to know anyone, and her only companions seem to be a crowd of tame and cheeky sparrows who take all sorts of liberties with her.

"Claude Duval."

When Mr. Bourcier produces the new play by Justin McCarthy there will be a reproduction on the stage of one of the most popular pictures of the last century, with Miss Kyrle Bellwe, in wonderful costumes after Vandyck, and the famous highwayman, Claude Duval, gallantly treading the measure on the green-sward.

The Third Time.

Queen Alexandra will to-day, for the third time, witness the French pantomime play, "L'Enfant Prodigue," but, as the special performance is in the afternoon, Mr. Knight will not have the distinguished honour of sending one of his theatre motor-cars for her Majesty. Pretty programme sellers, who are already experts in the art, will help the cause, which is on this occasion the Streatham Home for Incurables.

Forbes-Robertson's Sister.

I met Mrs. Buchanan—a sister of Sir Forbes-Robertson—late. She tells me she is very keen on the Star and Garter Building Fund in connection with the British Women's Hospital. Her sister-in-law, as president of the advisory committee, is of course one of the chief factors in its organisation, and works very hard indeed.

Another Matinee.

Two duchesses, their Graces of Marlborough and Sutherland, two marchionesses and many other well-known ladies of title are patronising an interesting matinee which will be given at the New Theatre to-day.

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Miss Muriel Pratt.

week. Mr. Edward Knoblauch has written a duologue for Miss Gladys Cooper and Mr. Charles Hawtrey.

A Mystery.

A new sketch, "Coffee for Two," in which Miss Muriel Pratt (the lady stage-manager) and Miss Colette O'Neil will play, is the work of a young lady novelist who hides her identity under the pen-name of Henrietta Leslie.

Old Contracts.

I have just received a charming little letter from Miss Violet Loraine. She asks me to contradict the report that she is in the new Alhambra revue. She has received an offer from the Alhambra, amongst many others, but could not accept any of them owing to a number of old music-hall contracts. Some of these were signed seven years ago, and those signatures spelt a loss to London.

The Bird in the Car.

I have also received a characteristically humorous letter from Miss Birdie Courtney, who is getting convalescent at Cliftonville. Miss Courtney is taking the sea and country air in a motor-car with a big black bird painted on it to signify that it belongs to "Birdie."

Masefield's Retrospect.

The American papers have been making much of a visit paid by Mr. John Masefield to a saloon bar in Sixth Avenue, New York. The point is, of course, that in that saloon bar Mr. Masefield once served as a general handy boy. Mr. Masefield's lecturing tour in America, which began quietly, is now a record success.

What "H. B." is Afraid Of.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley is afraid of one thing—and very much afraid—and that thing is a wasp! I hear that when at his place in the country and he is bothered by one, he throws anything and everything handy at it! Well—all great men have their weaknesses!

"H. B.'s" Daughter.

This is a photograph of Mrs. Jefferson Cohn, the pretty daughter of Mr. Horatio Bottomley. Her home is in Paris, where she has a flat and



Mrs. Jefferson Cohn.

a lovely place in the country, and incidentally her husband has the finest racing stud in France, having bought the pick of M. Blanc's racing stable.

Plucky.

"Mrs. Jeff" (as she is known to her friends) has her father's pluck, as she showed when she flew with poor Warneford—three days before he was killed, by the way. "Mrs. Jeff" is as optimistic as her father, for she incidentally informed me that she has bet £100 at evens the war is over by June 14. Why June 14, I wonder?

The Boxing Rush.

It is now certain that not a tenth of those who wish to see the great all-khaki boxing tournament at the Golders Green Hippodrome on Monday next will be able to get into the building. Standing room at a guinea a head is now at a premium. Well, the disappointed ones must get *The Daily Mirror* to see the picture record of the contest.

The Big Black.

We have not heard the last of Jack Johnson, the black boxer—yet. I shall have an announcement to make in a few days that may surprise you.

Missed the Sport.

The usual afternoon crowds at the Zoo are disappointed. There are no whiting to throw to the seals, who catch them so cleverly, and there is little fun in seeing a pile of sprats thrown down for them.

Luxuries in War Time.

Dear little Eric had been presented with a new little baby sister. "Well," said mother, "don't you like your new little sister?" "Oh, she's very nice," said Eric, "but there are lots of things we needed worse."

The Portrait Society.

I spent more than one hour at the Grosvenor Gallery yesterday—the private view of the National Portrait Society—and hardly saw one picture. Not that there weren't exactly 100 for me to see, but that everyone in London was there, unable either to move further in or get out. There was drama in the persons of Sir Arthur Pinero, the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett, and Mrs. Alfred Sutro.

Mercury's Wings.

Miss Elizabeth Asquith wore her "bridesmaid's dress-but-one" (as I heard a woman call it). I put down the fact that her sister, Mrs. Bonham-Carter, achieved the round of the rooms to the Mercury wings in her little hat.

A Popular Painter.

Mr. Augustus John long since took his rank as the first of our younger artists. The exhibition of his paintings and drawings at the Chénie Gallery—to which I looked in on Wednesday afternoon—ought to set the final seal on his reputation.

The Missing Portrait.

I must confess that I was a little disappointed at not seeing his recent portrait of Mr. Lloyd George. It should have been there to crown the show.

THE RAMBLER.

MOTHER, THE CHILD IS BILIOUS!

Don't Hesitate! A Laxative is Necessary if Tongue is Coated, Breath Bad, or Stomach out of Order.

Give "California Syrup of Figs" at once—a teaspoonful to-day often saves a child from being ill to-morrow.



If your little one is out of sorts, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! See if its tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and undigested food. When cross, irritable, feverish, with tainted breath and perhaps stomach-ache or diarrhoea; when the child has a sore throat or a chill, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the poisonous, constipating undigested food and bile will gently move out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and cleanse the stomach, and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Of all leading chemists, 1/3 and 2/- per bottle. Avoid substitutes.—(Advt.)

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SOME GOOD ADVICE BY A SPECIALIST.

If you are troubled with Backache, Rheumatism, Swollen or Stiff Joints, or have darting pains through body or limbs, there is a dangerous poison in your system that should be eliminated at once.

To do this go to any good Chemist and get an ounce or two of carmalum compound and take 10 drops in a tablespoonful of water three times a day after meals. A half-glass of hot water should also be taken each morning before breakfast to wash out the Stomach and Kidneys and keep them clean.

Carmalum compound separates the poisonous Uric Acid from the Blood, and the hot water will wash out and expel it from the system. Even the most stubborn cases often respond to this form of treatment. Backache will leave you, swellings go down, and stiffened joints will move with freedom and without pain.

The Tonic action of the above treatment will appeal strongly to all who have been run down by long illness, as well as those who are first experiencing the horrors of Rheumatism.—(Advt.)